

## TYPEWRITER IN CONTROL

Whenever I feel I'm losing control  
I strap myself behind  
my Olympia Traveller de Luxe  
& find my balance on the chair.  
My typewriter gives answers  
I would normally suppress.  
The typewriter is in control.

It doesn't get drunk  
when I spill wine thru its teeth;  
doesn't cough when I blow  
smoke into its mouth.  
I keep it by my side  
when my lover calls  
to talk to me about incompatibility.  
The typewriter is in control.

It consumes me  
when there's no food in the kitchen;  
keeps me rich  
when I'm too broke to go out.  
It helps me with the housework:  
makes me make the bed  
when I'm making problems  
with a poem.  
My typewriter holds all the keys.  
The typewriter is in control.

## THE PERIL OF TAKE-AWAY

She fell in love  
with a hot dog vendor  
& never recovered.

— Myron Lysenko

Taggerty Post Office,  
Victoria, Australia

words move  
more than wheels  
and what's up's  
m'lady's heels

— M. K. Book

Gladstone NE